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Lo! to my ears comes up a solemn strain, and the Eagle shrieks and flies. The thunderbolt withers from my hand:—

"The Oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Rum through the arch'd roof with words deceiving;
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving;
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest in his prophetic cell."

A louder thunder has been heard than Jove's. There is a mountain more venerable than Olympus. Moses went up there to talk with God, and came down with the brightness of the sun in his countenance that could not be looked upon, bearing in his hand an eternal law. That thunder still echoes which shook Babylon, and quelled the Assyrian. The Persian rolled away before it like a cloud. The Egyptian, Greek, and Roman, have fled from it for ever.

But a greater than Moses has made the mountains holy. A greater hierophant opened up there the law and the prophets. On a mountain Satan confessed his conqueror. Who shall conceive of that tremendous hour, pregnant with the fate of man, when "Jesus went up alone into the mountain to pray!" And we know what deed was done on Calvary.

APOLOGUES AND FABLES FROM FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

(Translated for the Irish Penny Journal.)

No. V.—THE OLD MAN AND THE YOUTHS.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF LAFONTAINE.)

A man of eighty years was planting trees:—

"Ha! ha!" laughed out three striplings from the village,

"Planting at eighty!—Had his task been tillage,

Or building houses, or aught else you please,

The folly might have passed as less worth noting,

But—planting trees! He must indeed be doting!

Why, in the name of all that's odd, old neighbour,

What fruit can such as you expect to gather

From this ridiculous and driftless labour?

You, who already are a great-grandfather!

What! do you think to rival in his years

Methuselah? For shame! Do penance rather

For your past errors! Mourn your sins with tears!

Abandon hopes and plans that so ill suit your

Age and grey hairs! Give over looking wildly

Out through the vista of a boundless future!

All these are but for us, and such as we."

"They are not even for you," replied the Old Man mildly.

"Youth may be just as nigh Eternity

As Age. What though the pitfalls of Existence

Be covered o'er with flowers in lieu of snows,

Who shall foremeasure the brief distance

Between this dim dream's birth and close?

The winged bolts of Death are swift to strike

Life in its dawning as decline;

The pallid Parcae play their game alike

With your days and with mine.

Who knows which of us four shall be the one

To gaze last on the glory of the sun?

Molest me not, then. Leave me to employ

The hours that yet remain to me. I love

To think my great-grandchildren will enjoy

The shade and shelter of this embryo grove.

Meantime I live, I breathe, and I may even

Share for some years to come the gifts of Heaven.

Alas! even I may see the morning-light

Shine more than once, young men! upon your graves!"

The Old Man spake a truth which Time revealed:—

Boating soon after, on a stormy night,

One of these youths was buried in the waves—

A second was cut off upon the battle-field—

The third fell ill, and in four fleeting weeks

His bier was dressed with Death's pale plumes;—

So died the Three—thus early fated!

And while the tears rolled down his cheeks,

The Old Man sculptured on their tombs

The story I have here narrated.

M.

Learning, it has been said, may be an instrument of fraud: so may bread, if discharged from the mouth of a cannon, be an instrument of death.—*Bentham.*

THE SNUFF SHOP.

Few, we dare say, ever entered a shop of the description named in the title of this paper with any other idea than that they were entering merely a repository of Lundy Foot, cigars, and small twist. Few, we suppose, ever looked on such a place in any other light, or ever considered its keeper in any other point of view than that simply of a tobacconist. Yet is there another light, and a dismal one it is, in which both the snuff shop and the snuff dealer himself may be looked upon; and it is in such a light that we ourselves always do look upon them. This is, viewing the one as a charnel-house of defunct authors; the other as a goul, battering on their mortal remains. We sometimes vary this horrifying, but, alas! too correct view of the snuff shop and the snuff dealer, by supposing the one a sort of literary shambles or slaughter-house, and the other a cold-blooded, merciless literary butcher.

Taking either of these views of the snuff shop, what a change takes place in its aspect, and in that of every thing and person pertaining to it! What a dismal and hideous den it then becomes, and what a truculent, savage-looking fiend becomes that smiling and simpering tobacconist! No bowels of compassion has he for the mangled and mutilated authors that are lying thick around him, cruelly Burked by his own merciless hands. No; there he sits in the midst of the dire carnage as calm and unconcerned as if he had nothing whatever to do with it—the callous monster!

Pursuing the idea just broached, let us enter this horrid den, and for a moment contemplate its interior in a spirit in accordance with that idea; for, not being authors, we have nothing to fear for ourselves, it being that class only that need stand in awe of the snuff shop—to all others it is a harmless place enough.

Lo! then, behold (giving us the advantage here of a little stretch of imagination), the walls bespattered with the blood and brains of murdered authors; and see that blood-stained bench which the demon of the place calls a counter; and in various other depositories around lie their dismembered limbs and mangled carcases. Oh, it is a shocking and heart-rending sight!

Some of these unfortunates have evidently died hard: they have the appearance of having struggled desperately for life. But, alas, in vain! An irresistible destiny thrust them into the fatal snuff shop, where they perished quickly and miserably by the hand of the ruthless savage within. Others, again, seem to have quietly resigned themselves to their fate, and, indeed, to have been more than half dead before they were brought in; while others, again, appear to have been wholly defunct, having died a natural death. These, then, have been conveyed thither merely to be cut up, and converted to the degrading uses of the tobacconist.

Although some of the unhappy authors whose mangled remains strew this den of horrors seem to have attained a kind of maturity before they were cruelly torn to pieces as we now see them, by far the greater number are a sort of murdered innocents, having been strangled in their birth, or shortly after. A good many there are, too, who seem to have been dead born, or to have perished while yet in embryo.

Piteous as it is to look on the heavy, sturdy corpses of the murdered prose writers that lie thickly up and down this chamber of death, yet infinitely more piteous is it to contemplate the delicate, fragile forms of the poets thus cruelly mangled and mutilated that lie no less thickly around us. Poor dear, unfledged things! What a fate has been thine!—what a destiny, to be consigned, ere ye had yet opportunity to open your little musical throats, to the tender mercies of that literary Burke—that ruthless monster whom the world, thinking of him only in connection with cigars and pigtail, calls a tobacconist. Where now, sweet little humming birds, be those soft and tender notes with which ye sought, alas, how vainly! to charm the huge, rude ear of an uncouth and barbarous world that would not listen to ye? Alas, they have ceased for ever! How little does that savage, the demon of the place, mind your sweet, small voices, that give forth a piteous wail, like the last notes of the dying swan, every time he lays his merciless hands on you. Little, indeed! Let but a customer come in for half an ounce of "Blackguard," and he will, without the smallest hesitation or compunction, seize one of you, dear unfortunates, and tear you limb from limb for his own and that customer's convenience: ay, for a paltry three halfpence, mayhap less—a pennyworth of "Scotch"—will he perpetrate this atrocious deed. That sanguinary bench, that hor-

rid counter, is strewn over with your slim carcasses and fragile limbs; and your murderer is hanging over your mutilated remains, laughing and chatting and joking with his customers as pleasantly and unconcernedly as if you were so much waste paper. Oh, it is atrocious!

Such, then, dear reader, is the light—a terrible one, indeed, but as thou wilt acknowledge, we have no doubt, a correct one—in which we look upon snuff shops, which, as thou wilt knowest, have long lain, and not unjustly, under the stigma of being fatal to authors. If thou art one, pray, then, eschew it; for if thou dost once enter its dismal portals, thou wilt never, never more be heard of in this world! C.

ANIMAL TAMING.

SECOND AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

IN my last paper on the taming of animals, I treated the subject generally rather than in detail. It is probable that the curious reader may not be displeased to learn a little more of the mode of keeping and domesticating wild and savage animals, as well as the methods to be adopted in order to bring together fierce animals of different species, and induce them to occupy the same cage in peace and harmony, and without danger of contention. It is, as will be at once recognised, this latter circumstance which renders the exhibitions of Van Amburgh and his rivals as wonderful as they are; it being a far easier matter to reconcile a lion or a tiger to yourself, and even familiarize it to the furthest possible degree, than it is to induce the tiger and the lion to consort together, and refrain from engaging in deadly conflict.

Let us suppose, for the sake of illustration of the mode which should be adopted to tame two or more animals, that you are made a present of a lion and a tiger. If the animals be very young, you will have very little trouble with them for a long time—none, indeed, beyond the necessity of attending to their health, for the larger felines are difficult to be reared; but as they grow older, they will be very apt to quarrel between themselves; wounds will be given and received, and the death or maiming of either, or perhaps of both, will pretty speedily result. To guard against any unpleasantness of this nature, it should be your business the instant you receive the animals to commence operations. Let them be kept at first far apart; for it is not advisable, as their dispositions may be very different, that one should be witness of the severity you may be compelled to exercise towards the other. This done, take, according to the animals' ages, a stout cane, a supplejack, or an iron rod. If the creatures be very young, that is, under three months, or perhaps four, the cane will be sufficient. If greater, or from that to half grown, you will require the supplejack, and let it be thicker at one end than at the other. For a half-grown animal the iron rod will be absolutely necessary, and it must be of sufficient weight that a blow of it on the skull may be sufficient to produce a temporary insensibility—the only chance you will have of escape, should the fierce brutes at any time take it into their heads to rebel.

Having thus provided yourself with arms offensive, you must be equally cautious as to your costume. That must be of strong material, hard, and fitting close. You must have no loose flapping skirts, no open jackets. All must be tight, and buttoned closely to the body. An under-waistcoat (sleeved) of strong buff, with a stout pea-jacket over it, leather or corduroy breeches, and top boots, is about the best dress for the experimentalist in animal taming that I can suggest at this moment. The reason—for I like to give a reason for everything I recommend—of this necessity for a firm, tight-fitting dress, is, that if a wild animal, although to all appearance perfectly domesticated, chances even in play to get his claws fastened in your clothes, the sensation of seizing upon prey involuntarily presents itself to his imagination. The accidental entanglement is succeeded by a plunge of the claws, the jaws are brought into requisition, and your life is by no means in a safe position. Hence the necessity for tight dress.

Thus accoutred, with your rod in your hand, and, if the animal be more than half grown, a brace of pistols in your breast—the one loaded with ball, the other with powder, upon which a quantity of tow has been crammed down—approach the cage of the young animal which you design to tame. I commence with this stage of the process, because I presume that you have already rendered your protégé sufficiently familiar by feeding and caressing it through the bars, and by spending some time each day in its company. I presume

therefore that it has already begun to recognise your appearance, and to come over to your hand when called, as well as to permit you to stroke and pat it, without attempting to bite you. Approach the cage, hold in your left hand a heavy cloak or blanket wrapped round your hand and arm; let there be two assistants near at hand, and a small stove in which half a dozen iron rods are heating; let the door of the cage be a real door, opening upon hinges, and shutting with a good and deeply-notched latch—not a sliding door, as such a mode of entering the cage might be as much as your life was worth. Speak kindly to the animal, and caress it through the bars of its cage ere you enter, or the suddenness of your entrance may irritate or alarm it, and thus induce it to attack you. Your costume should likewise by no means have been put on for the first time. You should have dressed in a similar manner during all your former visits, so that your intended pet might be acquainted with your appearance. Let a platform be erected outside the cage, to its level, and ascend this, where stand a few minutes, boldly caressing and speaking to the animal. Then throw open the door, enter with a firm and resolute step, push the door behind you, but see that you do not for an instant remove your eyes from those of the animal you are visiting. Do not advance from the door; stand near the bars of the cage, that you may have a better chance of escape, and may be more readily assisted by your attendants in the event of an attack. Speak kindly towards the animal, and if it, as it most likely will, comes over to you, fear nothing, but stretch forth your hand and caress it. The creature will then probably purr, and rub against you. Permit it to do so, and encourage it in its familiarity; but if it offer to play with you, repress such disposition with firmness; and if you perceive that the animal is bent on frolic, leave the cage at once, for it is unsafe longer to remain, the play of these savage creatures always leading to mischief, just as the cat sports with the captured mouse ere she gives it the finishing blow, and buries it in her maw. Repress, therefore, every attempt to play. Use your rod freely and severely. Do so not merely for a grievous fault, but for the most distant appearance of insubordination. Let your corrections be terrible when you do inflict them, and you will have to repeat them so much the less frequently. Some, and Van Amburgh I believe among the rest, are in favour of beating the animals every morning, whether they deserve such chastisement or not, just by way of keeping up a salutary awe of their masters. I object to this, as I conceive it to be both cruel and unnecessary. If animals are of an unruly disposition, and require frequent correction, I should rather recommend that they should be visited every morning, and an opportunity of misbehaving themselves thus afforded, when indeed a good thrashing might be administered with much greater justice. Never display either timidity or ill-humour. The former will make the animals despise your menaces, and perhaps give you a bite or a claw—the latter will cause them to hate you, to regard you as a tyrant, and probably seize on the first favourable opportunity for your destruction. Be just, therefore, in your punishments, and do not be too familiar. Never for an instant permit any animal to make too free with you. Recollect the old copybook adage, "Familiarity breeds contempt;" and recollect that if a young lion or a tiger so far forgets himself as to despise your authority, you will stand a fair chance of being torn to pieces some fine morning, and devoured for their breakfast.

I conceive that the preceding rapidly sketched hints will serve as a sufficient ground-work for the animal-tamer to act upon. He must not be discouraged if he do not succeed at first, and he must be satisfied to take time, and persevere. Without this he need not hope for success.

The animal-tamer must be fearless—such a thing as terror must be a feeling wholly foreign to his soul. He must be as brave as a lion: for how can he otherwise hope to subdue the bravest of the animal creation? I have said "bravest," and so let the word stand; but I was perhaps led to employ the expression rather from popular prejudice, than from a conviction of its truth. The feline tribes are very powerful and very fierce animals, but they are by no means brave. A bulldog has more courage in his pigmy body, than exists in the prodigious carcasses of a dozen lions or tigers. Let the animal-tamer recollect this, and the knowledge of this fact will probably encourage him. To give a case in point:—I was once endeavouring to make friends with the tigress in the Zoological Gardens, Phoenix Park—a beautiful animal, subsequently purchased from the Zoological Society by the proprietors of the Portobello